

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

Mr. Gotwyse Not as Wise as Joblots & Landem Were.

MR. GOTWYSE was a prosperous merchant in the land of the Yaps. Many years before—that is, before he came over from across the great pond—he used to spell his name the other way. At the beginning of this fierce four act drama Mr. Gotwyse was in the middle center back of his store poking up the fire for the circle of Yaps that were seated about it. That they might be warmer—and the one solitary drummer, Mr. Ahlin, the special representative of Joblots & Landem, wholesale dry goods merchants. Mr. Ahlin wasn't kicking about heat; he was warm enough. In fact, he was hot—boiling—perspiring hot. Thus openeth the first act.

ACT I.

Mr. Gotwyse (settling himself comfortably in the big armchair which seemed to be his own and which none of the Yaps dared disturb, with an affectionate preliminary smack of his big, long pipe): "No, Mr. Ahlin, I'm sorry, but I can't do nothing for you. It's quite true, just as you say, that I will put in the new line of dry goods soon, but I made me a resolution py New Year's that I would neffer padronize a strange drummer again, and I will stick py that resolution just so sure as my name is Jacob Gotwyse. I used to padronize you fellers right along. Come in here I'm every body, but I'm every body, cholly fellers—honest faces just like yours; talk nice, get mine order, and I neffer seed no more. What is the result? I have me mine attic and basement cram, cham full of stuff the Yaps won't even take away for no ding.

Couldn't Give Cigars Away.

"Py der way, now, Mr. Ahlin, if dat cigar vent out, I will get you another one; I have lots of dose. Can take a boxful home mit you if you want. Not? They ought to be good—cost enough. The man what sold 'em to me said there would be no trouble mit 'em. But I can't give 'em away—that's the trouble. Got a whole 'tousand yet. So I was saying, it makes me feel kvite badly to turn you down, but I made the resolution, and once I make me a resolution I stick py it. If I had some acquaintance mit your house, or if they had some business done in the town already, it would be different, but—What, going already? Why, sure, I don't mind giving you a list of the things I intend to put in; here is a cobby of it right here. But I will tell you frankly yet that your troubles will all be for nothing, for I will positively not pay again from a strange firm."

ACT II.

(Scene, same as Act I. Time, three days later. Dramatis personae, Mr. Gotwyse, Yaps, and enter Mr. Hitt M. Harder, special ad Joblots & Landem, but traveling in incog.) Hitt M. Harder: "My Gotwyse? Ah, glad to meet you. My name is Harder—Hitt M. Harder. Dry goods used to be my line—retail dry goods; but getting tired, sold it out. But that is neither here nor there. The business that brought me to the land of the Yaps is in pursuance to a rumor that there was a good opening here for another dry goods store, and you being one of the leading disinterested merchants, I presumed to call on you for your opinion. My friend in whose behalf I make this trip is in every way a most capable man, having been for I don't know how many years chief dress goods buyer for

one of our leading wholesale dry goods houses, Joblots & Landem."

Mr. Gotwyse Soliloquizes.

Mr. Gotwyse (sotto voce): "Py gracious! But ain't that lucky that he came py me first to spoke about it and not py some of the older stores? Just shows what luck will do py a man. O, yes, I will give him posters! (Aloud) My friend, I'm afraid you came to a poor place for another dry goods store. The Yaps beele hereabouts ain't like in the clddy—the wimmin folks don't do much on dress. Why, only last week the man across the way offered to sell out py me for a song, but, of course, that's confidential; you mustn't told him that I told you. But I wouldn't haf it at no price. Just tell your friend he better stay where he is if he's got a good job. Py da way, who do you say he was working mit?"

Hitt M. Harder: "He is with Joblots & Landem, that is to say, he is their chief buyer—a responsible position. Well, then, I presume there will be no use of my looking around any farther. I have implicit faith in your good judgment in the matter, Mr. Gotwyse, and I will advise my friend accordingly. To tell the truth, I got the same impression on my arrival in the place. I bid you good day, with many thanks."

(Exit Mr. Hitt M. Harder.)

Begins to Be Impressed.

Mr. Gotwyse (sotto voce): "So, so! There are oders who are beginning to hear that there's another chance here for a dry goods store. Jaky, you must get you a moof on, and py da way, I think that Joblots' house can't be so bad. But still they are strangers to me. Well, well, we'll see!"

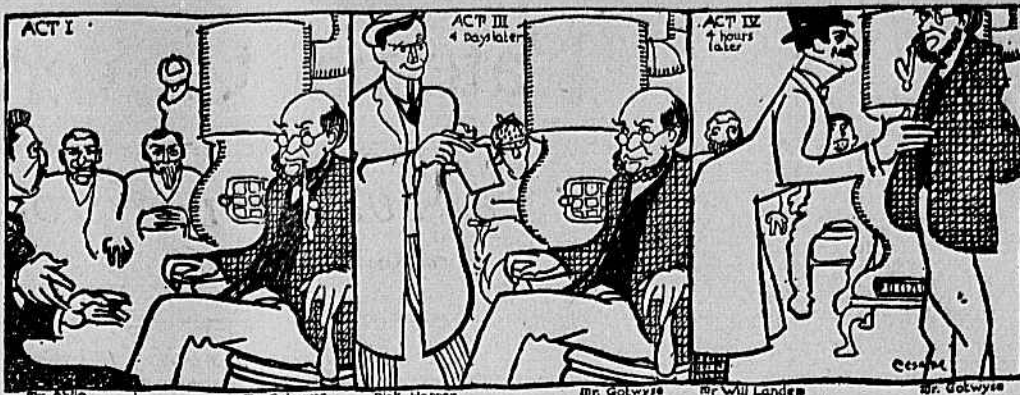
ACT III.

(Scene, same. Time, the following day. Dramatis personae, Mr. Gotwyse, Yaps, and enter Dick Happer, ostensibly representing Blank, Blank & Moreblank, wholesale dry goods, but in reality connected with Joblots & Landem.)

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No Minute of Day Wasted.

A night student in medicine begins his day



By C. D. Romero.

Mr. Gotwyse (once more poking the fire in the big stove): "So, so; it's one of my townspeople who told you I was going to put a dry goods stock in. And you are with—"

Dick Happer: "Blank, Blank & Moreblank, sir. One of the best, if not the best, dry goods houses in the country. Why, surely Mr. Gotwyse, you must have heard of our firm. True, we don't get around to the little towns much; have so much to do in the larger cities that it takes most of our time. And for strictly A1 goods at rock bottom prices you could search the world over and you would not find a house to compare with ours."

Mr. Gotwyse: "How about Joblots & Landem?"

Speaks Well of "Rival" Firm.

Dick Happer: "Joblots & Landem? Well, Mr. Gotwyse, to tell the truth, Joblots & Landem is a very good firm; in fact, an excellent firm, of sterling integrity, so far as I

have been able to learn; but what is it to you how trustworthy a firm Joblots & Landem is if I give you my personal guarantee of the strict reliability of Blank, Blank & Moreblank? And then there is the matter of prices. Take all such firms of established reputation as Joblots & Landem, and they are high, high, very high. Take Blank, Blank & Moreblank, on the other hand, and their prices are rock bottom. And what is more to the point, Mr. Gotwyse, to prove my point, and to show you I am right and that your order rightfully belongs to us, I will leave you our estimate for the lot of stuff you want to put in as per the list you were showing me, and you can have Joblots or any other firm give you their estimate in comparison; and if we don't save you \$500 on the bill I'll never bother you again as long as I'm a drummer. That's the way we do business, Mr. Gotwyse, and our goods will speak for themselves."

(Interlude of five minutes. Rapid figuring

Figures Were Higher.

Dick Happer (exultantly flourishing the list): "Now, then, Mr. Gotwyse, there's our figures. We will put you in the whole entire stock as per list for the sum of \$4,800, not cash—no discount, f. o. b. our town, and not a cent less. Make your comparisons and get your estimates—all you want. I will be back a week from today to get the order, 'for the order is mine; I feel it in my bones. Why, you would be a foolish man, Mr. Gotwyse, to leave your order with Joblots & Landem, we'll say, for instance, at an advance of maybe anywhere from 5 to 10 per cent, even in the face of the admitted sterling qualities of their stock. You can't afford it; no, sir, you can't afford it! Blank, Blank & Moreblank will treat you right. They always do treat their customers right. If they didn't, I wouldn't be with them."

Mr. Gotwyse (with a sly twinkle in his eye): "Well, well, we'll see. I make no bromides."

Studying Medicine at Night Turns Out Good Physicians.

By Allan Rothwell.

It is useless to rake up that old question—the equality of night and day schools in medicine—nor do I intend to do so; but instead present a picture of a night school, how it works, and what it accomplishes. There must be a beginning in everything, and medicine is no exception to the rule. To begin the study of medicine at any time means, first, a sincere liking for the subject; second, a firm determination to "stick" to the undertaking until the task, if such it be, is completed; and third, the money or its equivalent to pay expenses. All this must be present at any time, but to study nights means a great deal more. It means a giving up almost entirely of evening pleasure such as we all enjoy. It means that advantage must be taken of every spare minute during the day or night for study. It means a minimum amount of sleep and a maximum amount of hard work, and it means an ever burning energy to drive on tired brains and muscles to the allotted task. All this means and more. Yet the reward is worth it all.

No Minute of Day Wasted.

A night student in medicine begins his day

at varying times in the morning, starting out for work with a text book under his arm. This he proceeds to study as he rides to work on the car. When the longed for noon hour at length arrives, the book is again brought forth and studying resumed. At any time after 2 p. m. he may attend clinics which are held at his school. One hundred such hours of attendance are required in this line during a year, but it is to the student's advantage to attend all if possible.

At 7 o'clock the first lecture begins and lasts one hour. Another begins promptly at 8, and still another at 9, which lasts until 10 p. m. Then if there is nothing else on hand the student may go home, but I have known of and attended classes which I stand at protracted operations until 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Indeed, in the senior year students are frequently called out on cases which last all night.

So each day goes by, the average student never getting more than six hours' sleep, often much less. It is a life of sympathy

which causes all to unite and fight against the world as a common enemy.

The age at which some of these men study medicine is a surprise to most people. The senior class roll of a night school with which I am familiar shows ages ranging from 22 years to 31, the average age being about 25 years. To one man of 21 there are three men of 30 or over. Indeed, so aged is the feeling of the class that the youngest member in it is slighted altogether, and he remains unconsidered in class affairs, except at such times when he can make his influence felt by means of well aimed chalk, books, and newspapers. It is needless to say that he is an expert in such matters.

The cost for four years probably will reach close to \$800 for school expenses alone. This need not and does not prove a detriment to night students, because they have the advantage of being able to provide for expenses. Everything has an end as well as a beginning, and four years do not last forever, although at times they seem equal to centuries. The reward is sure and success in some measure bound to come when a persistent effort is made in its behalf.

Hard Work but Full of Interest.

But, for all the hardships, it is an interesting life, and I may say, a pleasant one, for surely there is no more absorbing subject on the face of the globe than medicine. The first two years are usually the most uninteresting, but the third and fourth years are full of interest from one end to the other. It is a life of considerable excitement, kept up by various clinics and bedside work in the hospital, and, to one who really loves the work, a life of never ending enjoyment. Class conditions at a night school are not nearly so marked as at day schools. Class rushes and fights are unheard of, the students, as it were, being drawn together by a bond of sympathy

which causes all to unite and fight against the world as a common enemy.

the time the young lawyer I summoned from the bureau of justice arrived the woman was so completely in the power of her persecutors that she insisted she was provided with satisfactory counsel.

Sometimes Hide True Colors.

Shysters even of this dark type sometimes succeed in hiding their true colors. One of these two men has since been mentioned for

Shyster Lawyer's Pay Big and Any One Can Do the Work.

By Walter Mayhew.

ARE you hard up, out of a job, discouraged, and reckless? Don't buy a cheap gun and join the holdup men. Instead, find your way to the nearest police court, and, armed with a copy of the municipal code and increased in the invulnerable armor plate of brass riveted nerve, begin your career as a shyster lawyer. It will pay just as well, if not better, and the chances are you will thrive longer, for you will have the law on your side.

Your next care should be to secure a "stand in" with all the policemen of high rank and low, and all the hangers-on about the station, also with the court clerk and bailiff. The courteous consideration of the magistrate also is essential.

Must "Stand In" with Police.

"Lots of business today," remarks the police court clerk in a tone of satisfaction as he prepares to carry the docket sheet into the courtroom.

"Yes," says the desk sergeant, "and the attorney is in the court already, for the reception committee of himself for the 'bulls' and the 'coppers.' 'Tis an early bird the attorney is days when there's a big sheet."

How to "Practice" in Justice Shop.

In appearance you may be anything, just so you are always dignified and seem not unprosperous, but your efforts will be vain if you have not that exuberant forensic quality commonly known as "gift of gab," for once you are contending a case your closing argument is bound to be the climax of your endeavor. Phrases from the constitution and the declaration of independence, words from the back of the dictionary, and praise for the "faithful officers," together with profound respect for the court, and righteous indignation on behalf of the wronged client will help to extend it through half an hour or more. At the end of that period, if the magistrate is not sufficiently impressed, the client will be, and that, after all, is the chief consideration.

Shysters Make Good Wages.

It must not be supposed that a good lawyer never is called into a police court proceeding, but he does not wish it and avoids such service whenever possible. The typical police court shyster is generally uneducated in law, having only such knowledge as a ready wit will pick up. He would in any event

not be recognized by a bar association, and, compared with the average lawyer of reputation, stands low in the social scale. But the income he derives from his "practice" would make the average young man in the law who "holds aloof" sign off during the struggle of his first few years at the price paid for respectability.

In addition to his compensation, which amounts from \$5 to \$25 a day, the shyster frequently has other ways of adding to his means. In one district an "attorney" who may, for the purpose of the story, be called O'Brien is styled by the policemen, in recognition of his extreme versatility, "O'Brien, the lawyer; O'Brien, the tailor; O'Brien, the gambler; O'Brien, the barber; O'Brien, the trouble maker."

"Trouble maker" is an apt title for a thoroughgoing shyster. It is so common for many lawyers of reputation, especially lawyers specializing in personal injury cases, to send out agents to bring in business, that the practice is regarded as scarcely needing even to be winked at, but the true shyster, in order to enjoy his reputation, must not only "get the trade already on the market" but create a demand for his services.

Most Depraved Type of "Lawyer."

The most depraved type of shyster is found in the justice courts not connected with a police station. There the demand for keener intelligence and a greater knowledge of law created by the great number of civil cases causes him to be a member of the bar, but not a credit to it. If, instead of being merely out of a job, you are a lawyer without practice or prospects of a reputable character, and choose to become a shyster in these courts, you must not only lay aside scruples but petrify what ordinary humanity you may have in your makeup, for fixing cases, getting snap judgments, suing, consulting, and suing again until the defendant is worn out will be among the minor incidents of your "practice."

Story of Heartless Swindle.

During the apprenticeship I served in a law office I stumbled one day on to a heartless piece of business, being carried on in a gloomy corridor outside a justice court. Three persons were in earnest conversation. One was a widow, whom I had heard a day or two before telling in endless detail how she had been swindled by some boarders. With her were two lawyers of the genus shyster, both of whom, however, had some practice in the upper courts. One had defended the people she had sued.

What I had heard of the woman's case while waiting to attend to matters of my own and the knowledge I had of the men caused me to feel no qualms about eavesdropping. The woman had been represented by a reputable lawyer, but he had been called away suddenly, and the lawyer for her whilom boarders had seized the opportunity to have her arrested on a charge of perjury. There was none to sign her bond; none even to advise her, and she looked desperate.

"I don't care. I've got you this time, and I'll send you to jail sure," the opposing lawyer was threatening, and added in reply to the woman's protest that she had no lawyer: "Why don't you take Mr.—here?"

(laying his hand on the coat of shyster number two). "I've got an awful case against you, but if anybody's sharp enough to get you off, it's this man. He's a smart lawyer, I tell you."

"But I have no money," answered the woman in a hopeless tone.

"You have this. I would be satisfied with

Organization in Any Store Necessary to Its Success.

By John Traiter.

"STORKEEPING," says the merchant, "is no longer a spasmodic experiment; it is an organization built up on well defined principles, commonly known as system and the power of initiation. A store well organized is more than a store, more than a money getting enterprise, more than material result of individual ingenuity."

Organization represents more than rules and government; it stands for an intelligent working of business principles that are as immutable as are the laws of gravitation. "The object of the retail store is to buy in order to sell," explains an owner of a large establishment, "and its success is largely

dependent on the efficiency of its organization."

The manager is, therefore, the head of the store. He determines its policy, employs clerks, more than material result of the owner or directors. He advises with the owner on one side and with the heads of departments on the other, often planning, though somewhat indirectly, the work of the entire store. In many establishments he engages the employees, determines and increases the salaries. In other places these details are left to a superintendent, so the

manager can spend his time planning and improving business methods and bringing himself into intimate relation with his employees and stock.

Success Due to Manager.

Said the owner of a large retail store the other day: "The success of this house is due to my manager no less than to myself. It took me several years to find the right man, but when I was sure I had found him I gave him plenty of leeway. It's foolish to search for a man possessed of ideas and executive ability and then not to let him go ahead. There's only one way to have able soldiers, and that's by giving them an able general. A wise commander in chief makes sure of his generals, and then lets them use their own judgment. My manager is ever on the lookout for new ideas and efficient men. He is constantly creating new ideas, improving methods, and on the hunt for men and women who have these same powers."

The average retail store is divided into six departments, including the merchandise department, the upkeep, accounting, advertising, superintendent of building, and supervisor of expenses. The position of merchandise manager is not filled easily. Much of the house's success depends on his foresight, judgment, and ability to cooperate with the heads of sections.

As one merchandise manager puts it, "My business is to have on hand everything our patrons want, to offer them variety, and still not overstock, so we can give the best goods for the least money. I, with the heads of the different sections, discuss and decide all requisitions for purchases, saving delay and avoiding all mistakes in buying too much or too little."

Department Heads Need Judgment.

Each section has its head in turn. His business is to buy judiciously and push sales. He buys the goods, is responsible for receiving them, their manner of display and selling power. He is aided by his clerks and the advertising department, which helps to bring his goods to the notice of the public. In a successful retail store every line of stock must support itself, and if not it is dropped. The section head is judged by the results his section shows. Says the head of a section in a retail store: "To show profits in this section I must buy what my customers want and give them ample variety. But the right kind of goods is only a part; I must get the best goods for the least money, so as to keep expenses within the range of profits."

A superintendent is an important man in a retail store, and his duties are not to be defined readily. He is a general way looks

Besides, I made me a resolution py New Year not to padronize strange houses; but I will consider the matter and look your briees offer. Py the way, put a few of these cigars in your pocket and smoke them on the way. Goodpy to you, and good luck!"

(Exit Dick Happer amid high snickering of the Yaps chorus.)

ACT IV.

Scene—The same. Time—The same day, four hours later. Dramatis personae—Mr. Gotwyse, Yaps, and Mr. Will Landem, who, it may be noted in passing, did not have on a "turndown" collar, and if he were to remove his waistcoat one could further notice the elegant special pattern braceups that he wore.

Mr. Gotwyse (taking out the ashes in the stove): "Yes, your man was here a few days gone py, but I did not want to gift him no order, because I was not acquainted mit your house. I made me a new year's resolution—"

Good Impression Grows Stronger.

Mr. Will Landem: "I understand, Mr. Gotwyse, I understand. And a good thing they are, these new year's resolutions. Would, indeed, there were more to make them—yes, would there were more! Our firm would willingly spend \$10,000—yes, even \$20,000, \$50,000, or \$100,000—if the whole detestable outfit of these fake concerns and schemers that are daily sending out importunate men, or going out independently, to pester the life and incidentally the hard earned dollars out of the pockets of the unsuspecting, honest country merchants. I say, I wish from the bottom of my heart that these tricksters would make a new year's resolution to cut it all out—yes, cut it out root and branch—and stick to it! You may rest assured there wouldn't be a happier firm in the land than yours truly—Joblots & Landem, wholesale dry goods—at your service."

(Subdued murmurs among the Yaps.)

Mr. Gotwyse (sotto voce): "Now that's the way I like to hear a man talk. That is got the right rink. I can alwus tell. If his briees is right, that man can haf my order and my trade right along."

Will Landem Takes Order.

Mr. Will Landem (continuing): "But to get down to business, Mr. Gotwyse, you have doubts in the meantime, since our man was here, investigated our standing (a matter easily done) and are now ready to let us give you our figures on that list you handed to our man, Mr. Gotwyse, we have carefully figured out all the different items, and while I wish to prepare you in advance that it is going to run up into the money pretty well—yes, in fact, the sum total may stagger you—still, when you get this stock of goods from us you get a stock second to none—a stock that will put your competitors to blush and shame; and, what is more, it will make you the leading dry goods house in town in less than a month—yes, sir, in less than a month. Our estimate, in brief (expansating pause), at the usual terms, 2 off 10—net \$5,325."

Mr. Gotwyse (after two minutes, feebly): "I go mit you. Where are your samples?"

THE END.

Moral: Though there be trickster salesmen (tricking merchants, there be also tricks to successfully combat all the damage done.

after the general management of the store. He is responsible for the front of the business, such as the appearance of the salesrooms; he is over the floorwalkers, bundle and cash boys. In some places he is responsible for the details of deliveries, but in other this work is given over to the superintendent of deliveries.

One superintendent explains his duties in the following words: "My tasks are almost as varied as the articles we sell. I begin my day walking through the store, visiting the salesroom to see if the janitors and scrubwomen have set everything aright. An important point is to see that the stock is taken out and arranged properly by the clerks. I next go about and see that our customers receive all the attention they need. It often happens that the head of a section is away buying at a busy season of the year, and then the floorwalkers and I assist customers in finding what they are looking for. I have an assistant to look after the shippers, packers, barn men, and drivers."

Although the superintendent does not have to judge goods, he must know men and how to handle them successfully. Much of the organization is left in his charge.

Head Accountant Busiest Man.

The head of the accounting department is the busiest man in a store. He has a daily, weekly, and monthly report to make out. He devises the accounting and recording methods used by the house, though he is usually given the assistance of a credit man, one or more bookkeepers, and a cashier. He looks after the banking and crediting, besides opening up new accounts, and sees that bills are sent out and collected.

No position commands greater responsibility or is harder to fill with satisfaction than that of the advertising manager. His duty is to bring the merchandise of the house to the notice of the public in a forceful, truthful, and attractive way. For this purpose he makes use of newspapers, circular letters, and hand bills. He not only writes or at least suggests the writing of advertising matter, but makes or plans designs for yearly calendars and for the window trimmers and drapers in working out their display.

These are only a few of the facts, but they prove that the efficiency of a house depends on the personality of its employees, which is only another term for organization; that a successful house is built on ideals, not iron-clad rules.

Successful organization is not only of benefit to proprietors and employees, but to the buying public. It creates increased production and consumption, thus benefiting the community. "For the prosperity of our neighbors in the end is our own."